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had its origin in chthonic hero-worship—the omphalos being thus once more a tomb.

The printing is in general excellent. But *mens aut* for *meus ante* in the quotation from Ovid on p. 70 is particularly disturbing. And why, in a publication on which expense has not been spared, should an author feel obliged to use such ugly abbreviations as “ὁ.,” “ὁ-οί,” to save printing a Greek word in full?

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Sophocles.¹ With an English Translation by F. STORR. In 2 vols.
 London: William Heinemann; New York: Macmillan, 1912.
 Pp. 15+419; 491.

Whatever pranks it may be permissible to play with Euripides, the translator of Sophocles must ever ἐπαίδειν ἑαυτῷ the self-admonition of Pater's ideal scholar, “I am utterly purposed that I will not offend.” Mr. Storr's version meets this test. There is a certain proportion of hardly avoidable conventionality and commonplace. But there are few lines, and, I think, no pages, unless possibly in some untranslatable choric ode, that will make to wince the reader who carries the original in his heart. And the English reader, however far short he may come of full realization of the blended subtleties, sonorities, and splendors of the Greek, at least receives some consistent and harmonious impression of Sophoclean unity, grace, beauty, dignity, elevation, and calm. This is in itself so considerable an achievement that I am not careful to inquire whether Mr. Storr is an English poet in his own right. He is clearly the best-equipped translator who has undertaken this particular task. He not only does not misconstrue (a thing which ought to, but does not, go without saying), but he possesses the long and loving familiarity with his author which enables him to feel, and usually to reproduce, the true emotional tone, the dramatic logic, the rhetorical coloring, the idiomatic turn, and the right rhythmic emphasis of the original. His diction is pure, vigorous, generally sustained at a sufficiently high poetical level, and enriched but not obtrusively overloaded with discreet reminiscences of the English Bible, Shakespeare, Milton—and Jebb. The blank verse, though not modulated with the art of the masters, is rarely pompous or flat or mechanical. It moves with fluency, ease, and some measure of equable distinction, and in the great passages follows not unsuccessfully the evolution of the long Greek poetic period. The sobriety and

¹ This review was written two years ago, and withheld from publication because the coolness with which this translation has been received by the majority of reviewers led me to distrust the excess of my own admiration. The late Jules Lemaitre lamented that literary criticism can never be a science, because we cannot re-read our entire library every morning. On re-reading this translation I find enough tame and commonplace lines to explain the prevailing estimate, but not enough to alter my own.

quiet beauty of the rhymed choral lyrics may at first disappoint readers who demand the impossible, a reproduction in English of the Sophoclean reconciliation of these qualities with the surge and swell of swift, triumphant harmonies and the passion and poignance of heaven-soaring song. Mr. Storr, though he has obviously read his Swinburne (*O.T.* 160 and 168), judiciously renounces the attempt to recapture these incommunicable raptures by parodies of Atalanta in Calydon. The Swinburnian anapaest, even in the hands of its cleverest manipulator, achieves a few brilliant successes at the cost of still more conspicuous disasters. Its metrical exigencies sometimes drive Swinburne himself, and inevitably constrain the translator, to diffuseness, inversion, impropriety of diction, and straining of idiom, with effects possibly Euripidean but certainly not Sophoclean. Mr. Storr secures the indispensable variety of movement and some approximation to the swift changes and nice adaptations of Greek lyric, first by a judicious mixture of trochaic and iambic rhythms, and secondly and chiefly by skilful employment of the traditional art of the English ode in the alternation, the correspondencies, and the interlocking symmetries of longer and shorter lines. This of course sometimes degenerates into the arbitrary and mechanical segmentations of so-called *vers libre*. Mr. Storr's relative success is due to the apparently unforced coincidence of the poetic with the rhythmical phrase and his instinctive adaptation of both to the rhythm and phrase of the original, which he evidently feels rightly in the Greek. In spite of this, the choruses are naturally less successful on the whole than the dialogue. The anapaestic Colonus ode is good, but not so good as Jebb's prose. The rendering of Arnold's favorite chorus in the *Oedipus Rex* 863 f.,

My lot be still to lead
The life of innocence and fly
Irreverence in word or deed, etc.

is tolerable, but we prefer to read it in Arnold's own version. More successful, perhaps, because less ambitious, are such things as the rendering of

εἴην ὄθι δαίτων,
Oh when the flying foe,

with the echo of τελεῖ τελεῖ Ζεὺς τι κατ' ἄμαρ by

To-day, to-day Zeus worketh some great thing,

the similar echo in the first song of the chorus seeking Oedipus (*O.C.* 123)

A wayfarer I ween,

and the last dirge for Oedipus (*O.C.* 1568 ff.):

Queen infernal, and thou fell
Watch-dog of the gates of hell,
Who, as legends tell, dost glare,
Gnarling in thy cavernous lair
At all comers, let him go

Scathless to the fields below.
 For thy master orders thus,
 The son of earth and Tartarus;
 In his den the monster keep,
 Giver of eternal sleep.

But the choral odes are untranslatable, as Fitzgerald knew when he omitted them from his *Agamemnon*. Mr. Storr is inspired to his best work by the great eloquent *ῥήσεις* which are too long to quote in full. Here is Electra's recognition of the Paidagogus (1354):

O happy day! O sole deliverer
 Of Agamemnon's house, how cam'st thou hither?
 Art thou indeed our saviour who redeemed
 From endless woes my brother and myself?
 O hands beloved, O messenger whose feet
 Were bringers of glad tidings, how so long
 Couldst thou be with me and remain unknown,
 Stay me with feigned fables and conceal
 The truth that gave me life? Hail, father, hail!
 For 'tis a father whom I seem to see.
 Verily no man in the self same day
 Was hated so and so much loved as thou.

Here is the passage that Fitzgerald could never read without tears (*O.C.* 608):

Dear son of Aegeus, to the gods alone
 Is given immunity from eld and death;
 But nothing else escapes all-ruinous time.
 Earth's might decays, the might of men decays,
 Honour grows cold, dishonour flourishes,
 There is no constancy 'twixt friend and friend,
 Or city and city; be it soon or late,
 Sweet turns to bitter, hate once more to love.
 If now 'tis sunshine betwixt Thebes and thee
 And not a cloud, Time in his endless course
 Gives birth to endless days and nights, wherein
 The merest nothing shall suffice to cut
 With serried spears your bonds of amity.

And here, in part, is Oedipus' final curse upon his sons (*O.C.* 1354):

Didst thou not drive me, thine own father, out
 An exile, cityless, and make me wear
 This beggar's garb thou weepest to behold,
 Now thou art come thyself to my sad plight?
 Nothing is here for tears; it must be borne
 By me till death, and I shall think of thee
 As of my murderer; thou didst thrust me out;
 'Tis thou hast made me conversant with woe,

Through thee I beg my bread in a strange land;
 And had not these my daughters tended me
 I had been dead for aught of aid from thee.

The skilful placing of the "thee's" and "thou's" here recalls the passage in Dryden's *Astraea Redux*, which stirs Mr. Saintsbury's enthusiasm:

How shall I speak of that triumphant day
 When you renewed the expiring pomp of May?
 A month that owns an interest in your name;
 You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
 That star, that at your birth shone out so bright
 It stained the duller's sun's meridian light,
 Did once again its potent fires renew,
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

PAUL SHOREY

Horace: the Odes and Epodes. With an English translation by C. E. BENNETT. (Loeb Classical Library.) New York: Macmillan, 1914. Pp. xix+431. \$1.50.

There are many who read and loved the classics in their younger days who have rejoiced in the prospect the Loeb series offered of renewing a pleasure which owing to rusty vocabulary and syntax would otherwise have been too laborious. Of no other author is this more pre-eminently true than of Horace, and altogether Professor Bennett has succeeded admirably in giving such and other readers the help they need. The translation is on the one hand no word-for-word crib with complete disregard of English idiom (to the deluded Freshman *donum exitiale Minervae*), nor on the other a purely literary version to be read apart from the Latin. The translator has known how to put in practice his author's golden rule, and the result is a happy compromise between a translation and a commentary. Such renderings as "poets" for *Mercurialium virorum* (2. 17. 29) and "lonely" for *caelebs* (2. 15. 4) presuppose the juxtaposition of the text. In general the style is even and without affectation while adapting freely to its need a poetic vocabulary and order of words. It is characterized rather by saneness than originality. In this respect it is in pleasing contrast to Wickham's version. The outstanding blemish to my mind is an excessive use of "O" as a vocative prefix, as unidiomatic in Latin as in English. I have noted also an occasional overpreciseness in rendering the Latin tenses as in 1. 23. 5: "For it quivers in heart and limb, if in the wind the briar *has rustled* with its moving leaves." Examples of almost Horatian felicity are to be found on every page. Here are a chance few: "untaught to brook privation" (*indocilis pauperiem pati*), "in simple elegance" (*simplex munditiis*), "poet of Homeric flight" (*Maenonii carminis aliti*), "bluff admirals" (*navium saevos duces*), "girl-boy face" (*ambiguo voltu*). This last is from 2. 5, which I can refer to as a notably